

THAT WHICH  
SEEMES BEST  
IS WORST.

EXPRESST IN A PARA-  
PHRASTICAL TRANSCRIPT  
of IUVENALS tenth  
Satyre.

TOGETHER WITH THE  
tragicall narration of *Virginias*  
death intersercted.

By W. B.

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*Nec verbum verbo curabit reddere fides  
Interpres.*

The pith is *Iuvenals*, but not the rime:  
All that is good is his, the rest is mine.



LONDON

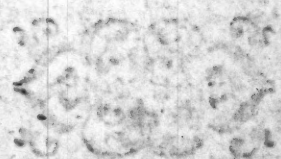
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THE  
 SECOND  
 IS  
 EXPRESSED IN A  
 PARASTIC TRANSCRIPT  
 OF IVYHALLS

TOGETHER WITH THE  
 CRITICAL NAME OF IVYHALLS  
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## IUVENAL HIS TENTH SATYRE.

### The Argument of this tenth Satyre.

*Wealth, Honour, Empire, strength and Eloquence,  
Beautie, long Life, Children and Wives we wish,  
These happineses seeme to outward sense:*

*In this worlds swelling sea for these we fish.*

*Happy we thinke our selues, if these we haue,  
These therefore onely of the Gods we craue.*

*And yet these things are those which hurt vs most,  
Wealth temptes the thiefe, Honor the enuious man,  
Strength makes men rash, & Eloquence is crost,  
Beauty's a whore, long Life is but a span,*

*And Wines and Children say as doe the rest,*

*That things most sought for, are not alwaies best.*

*The man who would be truly blest therefore,*

*Must vnto vertues way himselfe applie.*

*He must be patient, constant, seeke no more,*

*Resol'd, and neither wish nor feare to die.*

*And let him vnto God referre the rest,*

*Who better then our selues, knowes what is best.*

**I**N all the lands, from Gades vnto the East  
To Ganges, few there are who know what's best,  
Or worst, though error's mist were quite remoued,  
For what with reason is there seard or loued?

What in conceit hath ere so well begun,  
 Which hath not in the end been wisht vndone?  
 The gentle gods giuing as men would haue them,  
 Haue taken from them all that ere they gaue them;  
 They by their granting all that ere men craued,  
 Haue vndone many a house they might haue saued.  
 In peace, in warre, most hurtfull things are sought,  
 Thus flowing eloquence hath come to nought,  
 Muredred it selfe. Thus *Miloes* wondrous strength  
 Wherein he trusted, was his bane at length.  
 But heapes of coine hoorded with too much care  
 Strangle; and so doth wealth which is so rare  
 Exceeding others, their estates and all  
 As doth the Brittish Whale the Dolphin small.  
 Thus, in those cruell times, when *Nero* bad  
 The Souldiers rife all the goods men had,  
 They get them presently to *Longines* house,  
 To *Senecaes* rich gardens, where they rouse,  
 And spoile, and beare away what ere they can,  
 And then beset the house of *Lateran*:  
 These doe they rob, while as the poore man sleepest,  
 Seldome the Souldier in a cottage peepes.  
 Beare but a little of thy siluer plate  
 At night about thee, when thou trauest late,  
 The sword, the speare, the shadow of a reede  
 Shaken in Moone light, fillies thee full of dread:  
 Whereas the empty traeller goes by,  
 And sings before a thiefe full merily.

IUVENAL, his tenth Satyre.

The chiefeſt vowes in euery Church moſt knowne;  
Are riches, wealthes increaſe, our coſers growne;  
And yet in pitchers poyſons are not ra'ne,  
In cups beſet with gemmes ſuſpect thy bane,  
Or when the *Setine* Wine thou maiſt behold,  
Burning within a burniſht pot of gold.  
Now which of theſe two wiſe men doſt thou praiſe,  
Or he which laught, or he which wept alwaies?  
A laughing cenſure is an eaſie thing, (ſpring.  
But ſtrange; whence t'others teares ſhould alwaies  
*Merry Democritus* did alwaies ſmile  
And beate his lungs with laughter; yet meane while  
Within thoſe Cities where this wiſe man bode,  
There went no purple golden coates abroad,  
There were no Faſces; Chaires of State as then,  
No ſwooping traines or litters borne by men.  
O had he ſcene the Prætor mounted hye,  
And in his chariot through the ſtreet paſſe by  
In mighty Iupiters owne robes yclad,  
Or in his gowne with gawdy colours made,  
Or elſe the circle of his maſſie crowne  
Such as might waigh & preſſe his ſhoulders downe.  
The loade whereof in publike makes him ſweat,  
Now leaſt this Conſull might himſelfe forget,  
Within his Coach his ſervant ſitteth by,  
Teaching his Maſters pride, humilitie,  
Anon he takes his maſe of iuory,  
On top whereof Ioues bird ſits perching high,



IVVENAL, his tenth Satyre.

There may you heare a noise of Corneters,  
And here a ranke of other Officers;  
Others attending at the horses raines,  
All which he hires, and with his mony gaines.  
*Democritus* was wont in the same sort,  
At euery one he met to laugh and sport,  
Whose wisdom shewes, that so it may fall out,  
Lords may be borne amidst the witleffe rout;  
Mens ioyes and sorrowes he a like disdain'd,  
And at their teares would laugh whē they cōplain'd:  
When fortune frown'd, to him it was no matter,  
Hee'd send a halter to her, and point at her.  
Thus man desires both vaine and hurtfull things,  
For which vnto the Gods his vowes he brings.  
Others desirous to be great and knowne,  
Haue been enui'd, and thereby ouerthrowne,  
Their Catalogue and all their acts defaced,  
Their honours lost, and they themselues disgraced,  
Their statuaes spoiled, and dragged along the street,  
Their Coach-wheeles broke, and al trod vnder feet,  
And their proud horses which in triumph went,  
They must be slaine, and for their Masters shent.  
And now the smoke and fire begins to flame,  
And that adored head which had such fame,  
Mighty *Seianns*; he who was so great,  
Begins to frie amidst the flaming hear,  
And of the ashes of his honoured face  
Pitchers are made, and vessels of disgrace.

O who

IVVENAL, *his tenth Satyre.*

O who could thinke that ever great *Seian*  
Should being burnt, become a dripping-pan.  
Where are thy Lawrels, thy triumphant bayes  
Thy buls for sacrifice, the people sayes?  
*Seianus* to his death is led forth right,  
And goes along in all the peoples sight,  
Whereat the envious multitude is glad:  
Looke (say they) what a face, what lips hee had  
Saith one, I neuer lou'd this haughtie man,  
I did foresee this end when he began.  
But say, now tell me what was his offense,  
Who his accusers, vpon what pretense,  
What proofes, what witnesses did any bring  
Against *Seianus* when they wrought this thing?  
Tut! none of these; it was sufficient  
There was a letter from *Campania* sent,  
Which to the Senate came: O ho, wa' it so;  
No more; I guesse now how the world doth goe.  
But what? meane while, what doe the people say?  
As alwaies; that which fortune does, doe they.  
Fortunes inconstancie they æmulate:  
Whom Fortune loues they loue, who nor, they hate.  
Though a mans life his death may well commend,  
Yet doe the people hate a man condemn'd.  
And yet these people, these selfe very same  
Who now cry out vpon *Seianus* name,  
Had yet the Goddesse *Nurſcia* him defended,  
Or had the Princes life with age been ended

That

IVVENAL, his tenth Satyre.

Tha y houre wherein the Prince had di'd  
God doe *Seianus* ! had the people cride.  
He had been made *Augustus*, he alone  
Had had the peoples acclamation :  
But since it is not now, as erst of old,  
Since now the peoples voices are not sold,  
Indeed they once did giue the Empery  
The Fasces, Legions, and each dignity,  
But now they leaue, and lay aside this care  
And with their bread and sports contented are.  
Meane while some of the people herewithall  
Begin to feare to see *Seianus* fall,  
T'is said (saith one) there's more then he proscribed,  
Nay t'is too true, a mighty fire's provided  
As I came by, I met *Brutidius*  
At *Mars* his shrine who look't most piteous :  
O how I feare lest *Cesar* should pretend  
That we the people doe him ill defend ?  
Whereof accused, to 'scape a greater ill,  
With *Ajax*, many a one himselfe will kill ;  
Come then and let vs while his body yet  
Lies on the shore, trample it vnder feet ;  
And let our slaves looke on lest they denie  
And bring their Masters into ieopardie.  
Thus *Seian* fallles, and thus the people speake  
Thus fortunes frownes ambitions neck doth break.  
And wilt thou now since this is come to passe  
Desire to be saluted as he was,



JUVENAL, *his tenth Satyre.*

To haue his wealth, his chiefeſt feare of all,  
Ouer the Armie to bee Generall,  
The Princes guide, who out of Rome doth fit  
With *Caldie* Wiſards practiſing his wit?  
Thou faine would'ſt haue (is not thy mind ſo bent)  
His Launce, his troopes, his horſe, his ſtately tent?  
Thou wiſheſt theſe might fall vnto thy lot,  
This thou doſt aſke, and ſaiſt, why ſhould I not?  
For ſome there are which would not kill their foe,  
Which wiſh yeſto be able to doe ſo.  
But in this world what can ſo happie be,  
What hope from feare? what State frō danger free?  
Our honey ſweets with bitter gall are blended  
And all our ioyes with ſorrowes are attended:  
Which of theſe two then had'ſt thou rather be,  
Or great *Seianus* in his ſurquedrie.  
Or elſe ſome Officer, ſome ſimple man  
Awiſing the *Fiden* and the *Gabian*?  
Clarke of the marquet like a Iudge to fit,  
Breaking their meaſures as thou thinkeſt fit?  
Sure thou wilt ſay, *Seianus* he was wood  
Who wiſh't and had, but wiſt not what was good,  
He which to too much honour did aſpire,  
And, not content, did too much wealth deſire,  
He rais'd a turret ouertopping all,  
The higher t'was, the greater was his fall:  
Fortune that rais'd him threw him downe againe,  
And when he gan to fall he fell amaine.

What

IVVENAL, *his tenth Satyre.*

What ouerthrew *Crassus* and *Pompies* state,  
 And him which did the Romans subiugate,  
 But honours thirst, by proud ambition wrought?  
 While as the Gods vouchsafd thē all they sought.  
 Few Kings doe die which are not murthered,  
 Seldome a Tyrant dieth in his bed.  
 Since honours sal then is so violent,  
 Another wisheth to be eloquent,  
 Famous as *Tully* or *Demosthenes*;  
 Wherefore he praies, it might *Minerva* please,  
 (And therefore celebrates her fīue dayes feast,  
 And buyes *Mineruaes* picture at the least  
 Which in a Casket he doth trimly keepe)  
 That he may haue their eloquence so deepe:  
 But out alas! they both gaue such offence,  
 That both did perish by their eloquence;  
 Each of them had a fluent tongue indeed,  
 But this alone did both their mischiefes breed:  
*Tullies* owne wit cut off his head and hands;  
 A meaner Orator securely stands  
 All day at barre, and pleades the best he can,  
 And no man seekes to hurt the honest man.  
*When I was Consull Rome was fortunate,*  
 Said *Tully* once, but this procur'd no hate:  
 Had all the rest he spake, been like to this  
 He might haue skorn'd a world of *Antonies*,  
 But 't was not so, that which his throat did stick  
 Was his so famous second *Philippicke*.

Thus.

IVVENAL, *his tenth Satyre.*

Thus he whom Athens did so much admire,  
Whose words did set his auditors on fire,  
Who in the Theater the raines did hold,  
And led the common people as he would;  
This mighty torrent of swift eloquence  
Came to his end by his fierce vehemence:  
Hard was his hap, and sinister his fate,  
The angry Gods made him vnfortunate;  
Whose father almost blind in both his eyes  
With soot and smoke, which from his forge did rise,  
From middest his rust, his hammers, and his tooles,  
From *Vulcans* shop he sent him to the schooles.  
O but the spoyles and trophies of the warre,  
The Gorget, Helmet hewd with many a skarre,  
The broken Chariots, Flags and Ancients torne,  
The captiue prisoners looking all forlorne;  
These high renownes doe noble breasts enflame  
And make them hazard all to purchase fame:  
This doth the worthie Romane and the Greeke,  
This the Barbarian doth also seeke;  
This makes them feare no dangers, this doth make  
Them all so many labours vndertake;  
(So farre the thirst of honour doth exceed,  
On learnings praise, on sacred vertues meed:  
For who will euer after vertue looke,  
If vertues guerdons be from vertue tooke).  
Yet lust of praise, the glory of a few,  
Our State and countrey sometimes ouerthrew.



IVVENAL, *his tenth Satyre,*

O what a goodly thing it seem'd to some  
To see their titles grauen on their tombe!  
Which yet a fig, a shrub in little space  
Their taking root, would ruine and deface:  
And can a toombe then fame perpetuate?  
Alas, it selfe is subiect vnto fate.  
Weigh *Hanniball* and see how many pound  
Within this Captaines ashes may be found.  
This is that *Hannibal* whom Africa  
(Which westward stretcheth to th' Atlantick sea,  
Eastward as farre as Nilus slimy sands  
To *Æthiopiaes* mightie Elephants):  
All which cannot great *Hannibal* containe,  
But to these Kingdomes he vniteth Spaine.  
Ouer the Pyrenæan hilles he goes,  
Vntill he come toward the Alpiā snowes,  
Where natures selfe would seeme to stop his way,  
But all in vaine; nothing can make him stay,  
He teares the rockes, and melts the snow with fire,  
And fretteth out his way with vinegar.  
And now is he possesse of Italie,  
Where with his armie he doth onward hie.  
All this is nought (saith he) yet must we come  
And breake the gates, and rase the walles of Rome,  
Where in *Suburra* in the market place  
Weel' spread our colours, and the Romans chace.  
O what a martiall countenance had he?  
How braue a sight his picture drawne would be?

When

IVVENAL, *his tenth Satyre.*

When with one eye like to a pettie God  
Vpon an Elephant he proudly rode.  
But what became of all this pompe and state?  
O false vaine-glory, most vnhappie fate!  
Great *Hannibal* is overcome and flies,  
And for his safety into Syria hies:  
From thence he gets into Bithynia,  
And seekes for succour of King *Prusia*,  
Where at the Court he stands without the gate,  
And for the Kings returne from sleepe doth waite:  
He which so much disturb'd the world with strife  
From whō nor sword, nor speare could take his life.  
He which at Cannes the Romans ouerthrew,  
This man at length his poyson'd downe ring flew.  
Go mighty mad man! climbe the Alpes againe,  
And then come downe and rifle all the plaine,  
Make matter for each boy to worke vpon,  
Wherewith to stuffe his declamation.

One world will not containe great *Alexander*,  
To finde out other worlds he needs must wander:  
He hath not elbow roome, but pusses and blowes,  
This world wants aire, it is too strait and close  
Alas! to *Alexander* t'is no more  
Then is the island *Giare* or *Seripho*.  
And yet this great one for the world too great,  
At Babylon lies in a narrow seate;  
Death takes vs downe, death doth alone confesse  
How much our bodies then our mindes are lesse.  
It is beleeu'd mong other tales of old,

Which

Which lying Greece hath in her story told,  
 How *Cyrus* dig'd downe *Athos*, how he came,  
 And with his *Naue* oversaild the same:  
 How in the sea on ships a bridge he set,  
 O're which his armie and his troops might get:  
 And how the Persian souldiers passing by,  
 Haue at one dinner dranke whole rivers dry,  
 He which made land be sea, and sea be land,  
 (saith *Sostratus*) who could his power withstand?  
 And yet this *Cyrus* with his flying fame,  
 What was he when from *Salamine* he came?  
 He which with whips was wont to scourge *Æolus*,  
 (To whom great *Æolus* was farre more kind)  
 He which would lay vp *Neptune* fast in chaines,  
 Or bore him through the eare with gentler paines,  
 Can any thinke the Gods (O monstrous blindness!)  
 Would any of them doe this foole a kindnesse?  
 How came he backe then? onely with one boate  
 Which mōgft his slaughtered mē in blood did float:  
 Thus glory ends, and thus ends he which sought it:  
 Thus was it sold, and thus he deere bought it.

Great *Iupiter*! (saith one prolong my dayes:  
 Thus sometimes merrie, sometimes sad he prayes:  
 Meane while the man that liueth to be old  
 Softaines more miserie then can be told:  
 Old age with many sorrowes is distrest,  
 And those ynceffant that it cannot rest:  
 How fowle and ougly 'tis to looke vpon  
 Full of diseases and corruption.



JUVENAL, *his tenth Satyre.*

O how vnlike a man it makes a man,  
 His soft white skinne it doth like lether tan;  
 It makes his cheekes hang flag, wrinckles his brow,  
 Hollowes his eyes, and makes his shoulders bow,  
 In Tabracena like an old Bitch-Ape  
 Among the trees, so doth he rub and scrape.  
 Mong young men many differences be,  
 He is more faire then this, and this then he,  
 One is more swift, another stronger is,  
 Each ioyeth in his proper qualities:  
 But old mens faces all doe looke as one;  
 His limmes doe tremble, and his voyce doth mone;  
 He shakes his head, and like an infant goes,  
 And coughes and driuels through his snorty nose;  
 He suppes his meat, and softer bread he chawes,  
 Alas, a crust would bruse his toothlesse iawes;  
 A knife he cares not for, giue him a spoone,  
 Feede him with pap, and milke, and sleepe at noone:  
 Old man alas! he is vnfauory  
 Vnto himselfe, his wife and progeny.  
 He which would be his heire cannot abide him,  
 Cossus, he stops his nose, and doth deride him:  
 The rellish of his meate and drinke is past,  
 For now his palate is quite out of tast.  
 The pleasures he was wont in youth to find,  
 Are now long since forgot and out of mind;  
 He can doe nothing now as heretofore,  
 Those daies be gone, he can doe so no more.

*The tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

His bodie's chill, his lusty blood is cold,  
Alas, put cloathes vpon him, now he's old.  
If he pleas'd others in his youthfull time,  
They shall doe well if now they cherish him;  
They must not looke for former pleasures still,  
VVithout performance what auails the will?  
But now behold! another losse appeares,  
The noise of musicke pleaseth not his eares,  
No, though *Selenus* sing with all his skill,  
Or all his consort with their trumpets shrill:  
It skills not in the Theater where he sit,  
Cornet or trumpeter he heares neare a whit,  
His boy, which tells him who comes in and out,  
And what's the clocke, must in his deafe eare shout,  
The little life, which in his pulse doth beate,  
Is warmed onely by a feuers heate.  
A swarme of old diseases crawle about him,  
Aches and paines within him and without him;  
Whose seuerall names if any man desire;  
Sooner I might expresse (did neede require)  
The names of those which haue with *Hippia* laine,  
How many patients *Themisen* hath slaine,  
How many young men *Basilus* hath spoild,  
How many pupils *Hirrus* hath beguild,  
How many men long *Mastra* in one day,  
Hath swallowed quick, and brought them to decay:  
I could in lesser time at large expresse  
How many Townes *Licinus* doth possesse,

Who

## *The tragickall death of VIRGINIA.*

Who now into the Senate house doth passe,  
Who erst no better then a barber was:  
One of his shoulders, this of his loines complaines.  
Anothers hips are weake and full of paines.  
A fourth hath lost both eyes, and doth enuie  
A very blinkes that hath but halfe an eie,  
His pale wan lippes, whilome so cherry red,  
Must from anothers fingers now be fed,  
Whose hungry appetite at times of meales,  
Was wont to gape and ring the kitchin peales,  
Like a young Swallow waiting for her dam,  
He now sits gaping while they doe him cram;  
But which is worst, he turnes directly for,  
His friends and seruants names he hath forgot.  
They which did sup with him but yester night,  
Before next morning are forgotten quite.  
Nay, his own children, flesh and bloud (which came  
Out of his loines, bred by him (sic for shame!))  
These are vnknowne, nay, he is so misled,  
That his owne heires are disinherited,  
And *Phiale*, that Witch, that common Whore,  
Gulles him, and turnes his children out of doore:  
And all the goods this doating foole ere got,  
Must fall at length vnto this harlots lot.  
A mischiefe on't: can it be prosperous,  
When old age dotes and must be lecherous?  
No, no, gainst nature this is done, to spite her,  
And fortune certainly at length will right her.



**IUVENAL, his tenth Satyre.**

O ist not braue to see a foule ranke Goate,  
Hunting traine-sent vpon a peticoate;  
To see an old deformed crooked Rammie,  
Raging with lust vpon a silly Lambe?  
'Tis odious madnes, natures selfe doth hate it,  
And sense and reason doe abhominat it:  
Yet sense and reason here can doe no good,  
Nature disswades, but is not vnderstood.  
Hence she growes malecontent, & hangs the head,  
And seemes to liue, but she indeede is dead;  
Nature and sense, and reason hence are gone,  
Madnesse and lust predominate alone.  
When age and lust, drie wood and fire do meet,  
How can the flame be quencht? when did you see't?  
Thus to liue long, and then to be a foole,  
Grant it, O Iupiter to him that woole.  
But say that sense and wit remaine intire,  
And age and wisdom happily conspire,  
When strength and outward beauties are declin'd,  
Yet vertue still suruiueth in the mind,  
Is not this length of daies to be desired,  
As deeply wisht, as worthily admired?  
Yes certainly: and yet this happy age  
Is but a scene vpon a tragicke stage;  
While like a sad spectator he must see  
Life mixt with death, and ioy with miserie;  
He liues indeed to see his kinred die,  
His brethren and his sisters deslinie:

But

IVVENAL, *his tenth Satyre.*

But this most makes him weary of his life,  
 Death lets him liue, but killes his deereſt wife;  
 This is the paine which longer life attendes,  
 Still to bewaile the fortune of its friends,  
 To ſee ones houſe perpetually to waſt,  
 And to be ſpent and quite conſum'd at laſt;  
 Onely himſelfe, now like a man forlorne,  
 Is left aliue their funerals to mourne,  
 Vnhappie he muſt ſorrow all alone,  
 For all his friends alas are dead and gone.  
 King *Nefſor* (if that *Homer* hath not lied)  
 Did liue three hundred yeeres before he died,  
 Was he not happy, which from yeere to yeere  
 So long together could his death deferre?  
 Counting his yeeres vpon his fingers ends,  
 And drinke new wine ſo oft among his friends?  
 But marke, I pray, a while, and *Nefſor* cries,  
 And doth exclaime againſt the deſtinies  
 Of too long life. How much did he complaine,  
 When deare *Antilechus* his ſonne was flaine?  
 How did he hate to liue, and wiſh to dy,  
 When as his ſonne was burnt, and he ſtood by?  
 Alas (quoth he, and then he turnes about,  
 And makes his mone to all the gazing rout).  
 What haue I done? Why doe the Gods me wrong,  
 Againſt my will to let me liue ſo long?  
*Antilechus*, *Antilechus* my ſonne,  
 Why doe I liue? Alas, what haue I done?

## *The tragicall death of VIRGINIA.*

*Antiochus*! and with that word, amaine  
His teares burst out, his griefes begin againe;  
So oft his speech doth faile, his words suppress  
With sighes and sobbes, which cannot be exprest:  
Onely he wrings his hands, lifts vp his eyes, (whies,  
And faine would speake, but can speake nought but  
Why? Why? (saith he) O Why? nay tell me Why?  
Could he speake more, hee'd say, Doe I not dy?  
And thus old *Peleus* liued with griefe to see  
His sonne *Achilles* mournefull tragedy:  
And thus *Laerta* liued to heare men say,  
Her sonne *Ulysses* ship was cast away.  
Had *Priam* died before the siege of *Troy*,  
He might haue met *Assaracus* with ioy,  
With great solemnitie and festiualls,  
His children had performed his funerals,  
And *Hector* and his brethren had him borne  
Vnto his graue, while all the people mourne!  
*Cassandra* had gone weeping all before,  
And then *Polyxena* with garments tore.  
O had he died before that *Paris* went  
To build those ships which he for *Helen* sent!  
Though this vntimely death might him displease,  
Yet had he gone into his graue with peace;  
Then had he died, he should but once haue died,  
(In length of daies, alas! what good is spied?)  
But liuing longer, woe is me therefore!  
He liues to die ten thousand deaths and more:

He



## *The tragicall death of VIRGINIA.*

He liues to see all spoil'd and ouerturned,  
*Asia* with fire and sword consum'd and burned,  
When like a souldier which with feare doth quake,  
He layes aside his Crowne, and Armes doth take,  
He flies, and on great *Iupiter* he calles,  
And downe before his altars dead he falles,  
Euen as an Oxe with age and toile quite done  
Vnder the yoke for wearinesse doth grone:  
So aged *Priam* ouercharg'd with woe,  
Fainted and fell and could no farther goe:  
And *Hecuba* his wife, which did suruiue,  
Till she was turned into a dogge, did liue.  
I haste vnto our owne, and will passe by  
The King of *Pontus* long-liu'd misery,  
And *Crasus* too, to whom wise *Solon* said,  
That till the end none could be happy made.  
*Marius* liu'd long, and suffered banishment,  
Cold irons, durance, and imprisonment,  
And in *Minturnas* marshes hid his head,  
And at the losse of *Carthage* begd his bread;  
This man! O had he died, when he had led  
In triumph those whom he had conquered;  
When all his warlike pompe had now been ended,  
As soone as from his chariot he descended,  
Nature in earth, *Rome* neuer had posselt  
A Citizen more fortunately blest.  
*Campania* did for *Pompies* fame prouide,  
For with a Feuer there he should haue died,

IVVENAL, his tenth Satyre.

Had not the peoples prayers then preferu'd him,  
And for a worser after death referu'd him:  
With Ciuill warre he did the Citie waste,  
Which from his body smote his head at last.  
Which punishment and death yet *Lentulus*  
Escap't, and *Catiline* and *Cethegus*,  
They were not cut or cast into the fire;  
But being dead, their bodies were intire: (broke,  
For they were hang'd, forsooth, their throates were  
And nothing but a halter did them choke.

Next now the tender mother on her knees,  
When she but *Venus* Temple onely sees,  
Softly she prayes for beauty for her sonne:  
But for her daughter she will ne're haue done;  
They both forsooth, must beare away the prize,  
And be admired and wooed by each mans eyes,  
Why should they not? Did not faire *Venus* ioy,  
To see *Dan Cupid*, and to busse the boy?  
Did not *Latona* smile, and laugh to see  
How beautifull *Diana* seemed to bee?  
Yet though this beauty make the mother glad,  
So faire a face as once *Lucretia* had  
She doubts to wish; she was too faire, alas!  
Her ruine and her death her beauty was.  
Her beauty 'twas which *Tarquin* did admire,  
Her beauty 'twas which set his heart on fire.  
Her beauty 'twas which brought him to her bed,  
Where for her beautie she was ravished,

Which

## *The tragicall death of VIRGINIA.*

Which when she knew, she so abhor'd the deed,  
With her owne hands she made her own hart bleed.

*Virginia* was as faire as faire might be,  
As faire as any Virgin Rome did see,  
But *Rutila* a crompt-backt monster was,  
And ill complexion'd, and deform'd her face,  
Then she, a fouler no where could be found,  
No beast so ougly living on the ground.  
And yet how oft did faire *Virginia*  
Wish in her heart, she were foule *Rutila*:  
That she could faces change, that she might be  
As *Rutila*, and *Rutila* as she.  
Oh if that this could euer haue been done;  
And each could haue each others face put on.  
*Virginia* might haue liu'd and neere been eyed:  
Nor by her fathers hand at length haue died.  
But this was her unhappie beauties fate,  
It was pursu'de with lust, far worse then hate.  
Graue *Appius* her beauty gins to note,  
And in the end must needs vpon her dote.  
Who would belecue it? *Appius* is a man  
That's wise and stay'd; who also wisely can  
From his experience younger men aduise:  
Who sayes that *Appius* loues *Virginia*, lies:  
For is not *Appius* old, *Virginia* young:  
Sweet is *Virginia's* breath, but his like dung:  
Shee's soft, hee's hard, and how can these agree?  
He may her father, she his daughter be.

This



*The Tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

This *Appius* knowes, and this so kills his heart,  
That to him selfe scant dares he this impart,  
From others therefore he his thought doth hide,  
He would not for a world it were descride;  
And yet for all it is so closely pent,  
His heart must breake, or he must giue it vent.  
Maugre his head this makes him sadly mone,  
And with deiected eyne walke all alone,  
Where he doth meditate, and mainly plot  
How for his lust *Virginia* may be got,  
Mean while he sighs, looks wild, & sometimes weeps,  
Forfakes his meate, and God knowes how he sleeps.  
Tokens of loue he sends and pretty gifts,  
And vseth twenty thousand other shifts:  
He still pursues her, wheresoeere she goe  
Onely to talke and looke on her, no moe.  
But when he cannot come vnto her right,  
Vnder her window then he walkes in sight,  
When shee's away; how will he looke about?  
What pretty trickes hee'le vse to finde her out?  
When being found, nought hath he else to say,  
But how doo'st pretty sweet *Virginia*?  
Or tell some tale, or else him selfe commend  
Somewhat aloofe, for feare he might offend;  
His loue (he doubts) she will not entertaine,  
Which makes him be afeard of speaking plaine,  
In a third person he his tale doth tell  
Lest she (perhaps) his ranker lust might smell,

With

## *The Tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

With deereſt words of loue he doth her flatter,  
But dares not neerer come vnto the matter.  
Whereby much time in idle talke is ſpent  
In wanton courting, and in complement.  
Himſelfe meane time growes ſlag and waxeth leane,  
And no man may ſuſpect what this doth meane:  
A ſilent tongue he hath, but ſpeaking eyes,  
Yet who ſaies *Appius* loues *Virginia*, lies.  
Fie *Appius*! fie for ſhame! ne're be ſo weake,  
VVhat! be fraid vnto a girle to ſpeake?  
How can'ſt thou thus endure to liue in paine?  
And, where thou wilt not be deni'de, complaine:  
The man that ſpares to ſpeake muſt ſpare to ſpeed,  
Who will not ſpeake, ſhall neuer doe the deed.  
Then *Appius* ſpeake thy mind, and be a man;  
And ſo he doth as much as ſilence can:  
For *Appius* (if you aſke him) all denies:  
VVho ſaith that *Appius* loues *Virginia*, lies.  
*Appius* is chiefe of the *Decemviri*,  
And liues in glitter and authoritie:  
He couets mightily that he may pleaſe  
The common people, and enioy his eaſe,  
He puniſheth and pardons as him liſt;  
But many a fault in ſilence yet is hiſt:  
To feare and flattery he doth encline,  
VVhich is the ruine of all diſcipline:  
To ſee a fault, and not to reprehend it,  
Doth often make a fault, but neuer mend it.

Hence

*The tragicall death of VIRGINIA.*

Hence comes disorder, pride and luxurie;  
Discord, and in the end an anarchy;  
Romes youth hereby become effeminate  
And dissolute, and scorne the magistrate.  
How can they chuse? Let modesty auant,  
As long as *Appius* doth vse his haunt.  
If *Appius* loue! how can the younger fry  
But liue and wallow in foule luxurie?  
VVhy? doth not *Appius* thus (say they) and thus,  
And shall it not be lawfull then for vs?  
If *Appius* his *Virginia* must haue,  
Some liberty, as well as he wee'le craue.  
Thus when Superiours doe a fault commit,  
The people presently doe follow it.  
Their ill example hurts a great deale more,  
For all will follow, as they goe before.  
Meane while the Sabines such incurfions make,  
That idle wanton Rome begins to quake;  
Their men and cattell now are driuen away  
They to their enemies are made a prey.  
To *Appius* all this harme some doe impute:  
No maruell then, if *Appius* walke so mute,  
*Barbatus* railes vpon his government:  
And this some say doth cause his languishment.  
Some one, and some another tale devise,  
But who saies *Appius* loues *Virginia*, lies.  
Alas poore wench! *Virginia* all this while  
Thinke *Appius* like her selfe without all guile;

And



## *The tragicall death of VIRGINIA.*

And therefore bids him welcome, and is glad  
VVhen *Appius* comes, shee's sory when hee's sad:  
Good sir (saith she) why are you male-content?  
VWhere are your stories and your merriment?  
VWhich she doth speake with such simplicity,  
So harmelesly, and with such modesty,  
That though her gentlenesse inflame him more;  
Yet her chaste modest looke makes him giue o're:  
So that when he of purpose would impart  
His secret thought, he dares not for his heart:  
Sometimes he therefore knowes not what to say,  
But then hee le gaze, yet will not goe away.  
Anon some idle matter he pretends,  
Some wrong he hath receiued from his friends,  
He did not thinke they would haue vs'd him so,  
And such a one, but let that matter goe;  
His answeres like his thoughts are torne and rent,  
And interrupted and impertinent.  
He sees shee's chaste, and should he talke of loue,  
Out of the way (perhaps) she would remoue;  
So might he loose her company and sight,  
And this would kill him and vndoe him quite:  
And therefore to prevent such misery,  
On any termes hee'le haue her company.  
By this way then no good is to be done,  
Some other course must therefore be begun;  
VWhich he so carries in such subtile wise,  
That who saith *Appius* loues *Virginia*, lies.

But

## The Tragical death of VIRGINIA.

But loue encreasing, hatcheth fearelesse lust,  
And lust proceeds to fury. *Appius* must  
Enchaunt *Virginia* with some philtrous drug,  
And for to second it looke trim and smug :  
Her vncle *Numitorius* must be made  
Hot *Appius* pandor, and he must perswade  
His neece *Virginia* to come off and yeeld :  
Thus *Appius* hopes at length to win the field,  
Thus must it be (saith *Appius*) *Numitorius*,  
Must first be made, and then *Virginus*.  
And *Numitorius* hee must write or speake,  
And all the matter to *Virginia* breake :  
Perchance at first the motion will distast,  
But yet I doubt not to preuaile at last,  
Faire promises and importunitie  
VVill make her wearie of her chastitie,  
And il'e pursue her closely at an inch,  
Let her say what she will, I will not flinch :  
Shee'le say that I am foggy & too old,  
Her vncle then shall tell her of my gold,  
And of my office the Decemvirate,  
And what a ioynture I will to her state.  
I am not faire indeed, nor am I foule,  
Nor doe I alwaies smile, nor alwaies scowle,  
Good meate I loue, and good clothes I put on,  
Shee knowes I am a boone companion,  
And hath not many a one more old then I  
Enioy'd as young as she full merily?

VVhy

## *The Tragickall death of VIRGINIA.*

Why should I not then hope and hopefull wooe,  
And see what *Numitorius* will doe?  
Those and a thousand other tricks he tries,  
Yet who saies *Appius* loues *Virginia*, lies.  
But *Numitorius* is too wise a man,  
And *Appius* here must faile, doe what he can;  
What then? is here an end? is *Appius* spent?  
No no: *Virginias* father must be sent  
Vnto the warres; and then when hee's away,  
*Appius* assures himselfe to haue the prey:  
For *Claudius* straight, a Client of his owne,  
He sends; and vnto him anon makes knowne  
His minde, coniuring him to secrecy,  
And then instructs him for the villanie,  
T'is so (saith he) I must *Virginia* haue,  
And thou must challenge her to be thy slaue,  
And bid her follow thee, tut! let her weepe,  
Take thou her home, and there thou shalt her keep,  
Say that she neuer was *Virginus* child,  
But that thou wa'st of her long since beguild:  
She in thy house was born and stolen from thence:  
And vntill now did'st neuer see her since.  
If she resist, bring her by force to me,  
And thou shalt haue her home I warrant thee.  
Now *Claudius* hath his errand and is gone,  
And with *Virginia* he meets anon.  
VWhom rudely he begins to apprehend,  
And tels her that 'tis bootlesse to contend:

VWhereat



*The tragicall death of VIRGINIA.*

VWhereat her nurse and she with feare cry out  
VWhich made the people all come in a rout:  
VWho when they had but heard *Virginias* name,  
They all cry out on *Claudius*, fie for shame!  
And round about they stand in her defence,  
So that she now is safe from violence:  
Saith *Claudius* then: I pra'y be still, 't is so  
Along with me *Virginia* must goe,  
She is my slaue, I doe not doe her wrong,  
That which I doe i'le iustifie ere long,  
Before the Iudge the matter shall be knowne,  
And you shall see I onely seeke mine owne.  
Forthwith he brings her whereas *Appius* sate,  
And there begins the matter to relate,  
(VWhich *Appius* knew sufficiently before)  
And *Claudius* now doth earnestly implore  
His aide, craues iustice, that he may haue right,  
And that he be not overborne by might;  
She is not daughter to *Virginus*,  
But doth belong to me *Marke, Claudius*:  
And if *Virginus* doe not say the same,  
Let me be punish't then and beare the blame:  
Meane while I say she is my slaue, and so  
She ought in reason home with me to goe.  
Nay! (say her aduocates) alas yet stay!  
Her father in the warres is now away,  
VVithin these two dayes he may well be here,  
If any will but send a messenger,

And

## The tragickall death of VIRGINIA.

And t'is vnjust (he absent) to contend,  
That he his daughter present should defend;  
Wherefore they beg of *Appius* that the doome  
Might be deferred vntill her father come,  
And that (according to his owne decree)  
Till then *Virginia* might be counted free,  
And not so hazard her Virginitie,  
Before shee's iudged to loose her libertie.  
Saith *Appius*, Then the Law which you commend  
Doth shew how much I haue been freedoms friend,  
And now as you desire, I am content,  
That for *Virginias* some man may be sent,  
And to deferre the sentence till he come:  
But *Claudius* meane time must haue her home,  
So that he promise to returne her here,  
As soone as eue *Virginias* shall appeare.  
Hereat, alas! *Virginia* gins to cry;  
The people murmur, but none dare reply.  
At length her Vncle *Nunatorius*  
And (he to whom she was betroath'd) *Icilius*,  
These hastily come crowding through the presse,  
And call vpon fell *Appius* for redresse:  
But *Appius* cries againe, Take them away,  
Sentence is past, and they haue nought to say.  
Nought? saith *Icilius*, Yes: and noughtst thou know  
Tis such a tale shall make thy eares to glow:  
Threats cannot driue me hence, or hide thy lust,  
Who takes me hence, doe it by force he must.

## The tragick death of VIRGINIA.

Know *Appius* that *Virginia* is my Spouse,  
And ere that *Claudius* get her to his house,  
Yee Gods and men ! marke what *Isilius* saith,  
He'il looner loose his life, then breake his faith.  
The people feare lest this his vehemence  
Should hurt *Virginia*, and the Iudge incense;  
For now the Lictors round about him get,  
Yet after all they dare no more but threat.  
So powerfull is the strength of innocence,  
That it doth curbe the rage of violence,  
A wicked conscience when it is most bold  
Is but a coward, and it's courage cold.  
Goe to, saith *Appius*, you *Isilius*,  
Would seeme to patronize *Virginus*,  
But 'tis another matter makes you chat,  
You would be Tribune fir : say, would you not?  
And to make way to your ambition,  
You thinke it best to raise sedition:  
But you shall faile for once of your intent,  
And for to day *Claudius* shall be content  
To leaue his right; *Virginia* home shall goe  
Not for your sake *Isilius*, thinke not so:  
But for *Virginus* sake who absent is,  
And for the name of father, more then this.  
Meane while (*Isilius*, you and such as you :)  
Itell you this : and you shall find it true,  
If that *Virginus* by to morrow day  
Appeare not here; know that I know the way,

Nor



## *The tragicall death of VIRGINIA.*

Nor want I meanes or power my selfe alone,  
To crush the Authors of sedition.  
Thus for the present is the Court dismiss,  
He for *Virginus* may goe who list.  
But *Appius* staies a while till they be gone,  
Least he might seeme t'haue sate for this alone.  
*Virginus* friends in sending are not slack.  
*Appius* meane while plots how to keepe him back.  
 *Icilius* brother straight without delay,  
And *Numitorius* sonne doe post away.  
But what doth *Appius* now? he doth not sleepe,  
He writes to his Collegues, that they should keepe  
*Virginus* there, nor giue him leaue to part.  
Till they did heare from him, this was his art.  
But this, as it fell out, did not succede,  
His letters came to late to doe the deede;  
For at first watch *Virginus* went his way.  
But *Appius* letters came not till next day:  
When as *Virginus* so fast doth wend,  
That by this time he's at his iournies end,  
Where he doth find his louely daughter fate,  
In mourning habite all disconsolate,  
With griefe and thought so pin'd away and worne,  
That now she seem'd not what she was beforne;  
She that was erst so faire, with grieuous mone,  
Now looks like death, she's nought but skin & bone  
Her meate and sleepe she doth forgoe, and why?  
Because she will not liue, but faine would dy.

*The tragick death of VIRGINIA.*

But all in vaine; *Appius* by breake of day,  
Towards his seate of Iustice takes his way,  
Where all the Citie at the barre doth stand,  
And still expects *Virginus* out of hand,  
The common people lou'd *Virginus* well,  
When will he come (say they) pray' can you tell,  
Come, come way *Virginus*, quickly come.  
Yonder he is, saith one, I pray' make roome;  
Whereat the people euery one lookes out,  
And on his tip-toes castes his eye about,  
Each ouer t' others head doth seeke and spie,  
If he see any man approching nie,  
Which if he doe, as farre as he can see,  
O now he comes (saith he) sure this is he:  
So soone men credit to affection giue;  
For, what men wish, they willingly beleue.  
But *Appius* thinkes he's safe enough for that,  
When loe! vnlookt for, oportunely pat,  
In comes *Virginus*, *Appius* bends his brow,  
A mischiefe (saith he) on *Virginus* now:  
But sad *Virginus* like a man forlorne,  
With many Matrons which with him did mourne,  
In sordide and neglected weedes doth bring  
His lambe-like daughter to the butchering.  
The doubtfull people round about them presse,  
And all lament and pitie their distresse.  
*Virginus* at length thus weeping said:  
Good sirs! I beg not, but require your aid,

For

## *The Tragick death of VIRGINIA.*

For you, your wiues and children in the warres  
My life I haue expos'd, receiued these skarres,  
And for all this, shall this be my reward?  
Shall I my daughter loose without regard?  
My dearest childe, the onely childe I haue,  
Shall she by violence be made a slaue?  
Thus to the people did *Virginus* crie,  
And made his mone to all as he past by:  
 *Icilius* also told them all the same,  
Whereat they wept and murmurd, and cried shame:  
But cruell *Appius* mou'd with no remorse  
(Such is lusts rage) became a great deale worse,  
Vp to his iudgement seate he soone ascends,  
Where he all right and equitie pretends,  
And *Claudius* now demaundes his slaue againe,  
And of their wrong that keepe her doth complaine:  
But ere that he could any farther hie,  
Or that *Virginus* could make replie.  
Enraged *Appius* swolne with lust and wroth  
Doth burst in twaine and interrupts them both:  
This brall of yours (saith he) doth me offend,  
Take her home *Claudius*, and there's an end.  
VVhat though *Virginus* and the youth repine,  
She is thy slaue, take her I say, she's thine.  
At first the people each on other gazed,  
And at the horror of it stand amazed,  
And *Claudius* boldly in his hands her hent:  
But sadly all the people did lament,



## *The tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

*Virginus* knowes not what to say, but stands  
And to the people stretcheth out his hands,  
VVho after he had wept, with sorrow thus,  
He cries aloud to wicked *Appius* :  
My daughter, *Appius* ! is no slave, but free,  
Her haue I giuen to  *Icilius*, not to thee ;  
And I haue brought her vp still heretofore  
To be a wife, but not to be a whore.  
VVhat ? shall we liue like beasts promiscuously,  
VVithout distinction in foule luxurie ?  
Of age and sexe shall no regard be had ?  
Shall each man by his beastly lust be lad ?  
If these (the people here) shall this permit,  
Others I know which will not suffer it.  
VVith this the women doe together band,  
And round about *Virginia* they stand,  
They driue *Marc Claudius* away, and cry,  
Now let her goe, she shall haue liberty.  
Hearing this noise, the Crier bids them peace,  
And *Appius* beckens to them for to cease.  
VVhich done, and silence made, in sullen wise,  
Thus subtile *Appius* to the people cries :  
*Icilius* spake his pleasure yesterday,  
And tell me now what doth *Virginus* say ;  
Doth not he raile and rage as much as he ?  
If not sedition, what then may this be ?  
But more then this here in the Citie they  
Haue met at night, they shamd to meet by day,

*The tragick death of VIRGINIA.*

So that I must thus guarded hither come  
For preservation of the peace of *Rome*.  
I come not here to wrong the innocent,  
But to suppress their purpose and intent.  
*Lictor* make roome, remoue the company,  
And let the Master and his slaue passe by.  
This spake he angerly, and with that word  
Backe went the people of their owne accord:  
So that *Virginia* can no longer stay,  
To lust and violence she's made a pray.  
Her selfe poore heart! for pittie seemes to wooe,  
Her father knowes not what to say or doe;  
But downe vpon his knees poore man he fallēs,  
And weepes, and cries, for helpe and pitie calles:  
Now *Appius*! take pitie on my woe,  
Let not my onely childe thus from me goe,  
Forgiue my hasty words; I was dismaide,  
And in my griefe I knew not what I said,  
Impute it to the weakenesse of my age,  
To my affection. O let this asswage  
The rigour of thy sentence, heare me speake,  
Doe not with sorrow cause my heart to breake.  
I am the wofullest wight that e're did liue,  
I know not what to doe: *Appius* forgiue!  
Indeed I was too blame, and yet alas  
She is my daughter, I her father was:  
Her father was? What am I not so still?  
Why doe I liue? this word my heart doth kill.

*The Tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

Yet giue me leaue to take her nurse aside  
To aske her this, by her I will be tride;  
That so if falsely I thus termed be,  
I shall then part with her more willingly,  
And let the wench goe with vs; let me die!  
If so I doe not bring her by and by.  
I will not goe farre hence, not out of sight,  
I will but onely aske of her the right.  
*Appius* could not denie this small request,  
But lets them goe: *Virginias* much distrest,  
Looking about anon he had espide  
A butchers stall, and thitherward he hied,  
Where being come, he cries and weepes amaine,  
Lookes on his daughter, and then weepes againe:  
My onely ioy! my dearest childe (quoth he)  
What shall I doe? how shall I set thee free?  
Shall I? no, no; I am her father, I:  
But shall she be a slaue? first mought she die!  
Sooner I'll murder her while she is chaste,  
Then be the father of a whore at last.  
But then returning to his child againe;  
Now God forbid! (saith he) she should be flaine!  
How saist? sweet girl! (and then he gan to crie,  
Surely (saith he) the wench is loath to die);  
Now tel me pretty heart! which hadst thou rather  
That *Clandius* were thy Lord, or I thy father,  
I alwaies lou'd thee dearly, did I not?  
Yes wench, I did, it cannot be forgot?

VVhat



*The Tropicall death of VIRGINIA.*

VWhat was the pleasure thou desiredst most,  
But I would get it, whatsoere it cost?  
Nothing me thought could be too much for thee,  
For thou wa'st all my hearts felicitie:  
I cannot tell (if thou to *Claudius* goe)  
VVhether that *Claudius* will loue thee so.  
Say, wilt thou liue with *Claudius* or with me?  
His slaue hee'le make thee, but i'le keepe thee free.  
The silent girle with feare doth trembling stand,  
And still doth eye her fathers busie hand.  
She answeres not a word, but sighes and gaspes,  
And in her griping armes her father clasps.  
Into his bosome she with teares doth flie,  
As if, she said, good father, let me die.  
Rather then liue with *Claudius* as his slaue,  
And loose *Isilins* which to me you gaue.  
The good old man now layes his necke on hers  
And all her bosome with his teares he blurs.  
And then he kisseth her, and then he cries,  
And then doth gaze vpon her blubbred eyes, (slaue,  
Poore wench (quoth hee) thou shalt not bee their  
I'le sooner see thee laid full low in graue:  
Yea that I will; I will my pretty soule,  
Rather then thou shalt suffer their controule,  
I'le take such order that thou shalt escape,  
I will deceiue them of their wicked rape;  
O God! saith he, now tell me, i'f not best?  
And then he wept and kist his daughters breast.

No

*The Tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

No no, it is not: i't not? yes; what? kill her?  
Yes rather then these lustfull beasts shall spill her:  
But is she not thy flesh and blood, thy child?  
Yes that she is; but shall she be defil'd?  
And is she not thine only child, thine heire?  
Looke in her face, how sai't? is she not faire?  
Yes, too too faire, I would she were not so,  
Her beautie is the cause of all my woe.  
And who can euer so hard-hearted be  
As hurt *Virginia*, if he doe her see?  
How then can I her father doe the deed,  
I cannot doo't, I cannot see her bleed:  
Shee's all the children, all the ioy I haue:  
Her health is mine, her life my life doth saue:  
Where shall I haue more childre when shee's gone?  
Or if I could, like her, I can haue none.  
Shee's the best daughter father euer had,  
She is so pretty: O I shall be mad.  
*Appius* and *Claudius*, out you stinking goates!  
O that the people will not cut your throates!  
You shamelesse lurchers, shall she fate your lust?  
I'll kill her first; O doe not! but I must.  
And with that word, he snatcheth from the stall,  
The butchers knife, and stabs her therewithall:  
Then turning to the iudgement seate he cries,  
Thus, *Appius*! for thy sake *Virginia* dies:  
Vpon thy head her blood I consecrate,  
She shall not be a slave thy lust to fate:

Before

## *The Tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

Before she should be prostitute to thee,  
This haue I done, thus haue I set her free.  
Vpon this fact a hideous cry arose,  
Take him (saith *Appius*) ere he farther goes.  
But now *Virginus* with his knife in hand,  
So made his way, that none could him withstand,  
Away he flies and gets without the gate,  
And then to apprehend him t'was too late:  
Indeed, the people for him made a lane,  
They iou'd him so, they would not haue him ta'ne.  
Meane while *Isilius*, sad *Isilius*,  
And dead-*Virginiae*'s vncle *Numitorius*,  
Tooke vp the body of this murdered wight  
And laid it out to all the peoples sight:  
All pale and gashly now shee lookes alas,  
Who erst so beautifull and louely was:  
Sad was the spectacle, sad was the cry  
Of all the people that were standing by:  
Some do commend, some blame *Virginus*:  
Some pity him, and some *Isilius*;  
Of *Appius* and of *Claudius* all complaine,  
Their rape and lust haue poore *Virginia* slaine.  
For whom the multitude so sore lament,  
As if their teares and plaints would he're be spent:  
Alas *Virginia*! hard was thy fate,  
And thy admired face vnfortunate!  
Had'st thou been soule, or not so passing faire,  
We needed not with cries thus fill the aire:

Thy



*The Tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

Thy beautyt was which did thee so commend,  
And t was thy beauty brought thee to thy end,  
Beautie's a rose whose colours are most faire,  
Whose precious odours doe perfume the aire:  
Yet to it selfe is neither faire nor sweet,  
But onely vnto those who smel't or see't.  
Men for this cause plucke roses from the tree,  
Because so sweet and beautifull they be:  
While as the nettle and the dock doe stand,  
And grow vntouch't by any enuious hand.  
The proper man (they say) the worst luck hath,  
Whereas deformitie is free from scath.  
The faire fac'd boy doth make his mother glad,  
But care and feare of him, still makes her sad.  
It is a louely boy, now God him blesse:  
Yet then she weepes vpon him nere thelesse.  
To catch this prettinesse such baits are laid,  
As alwaies make the parents hearts afraid.  
Beauty and chastity we hardly find  
Together, or a faire face and faire mind.  
Though parents bring their children vp at home  
Vnder their eye, and neuer let them come,  
Where ill behauiour they might see or learne:  
Though like the Sabines they be ne're so sterne.  
Nay say that natures selfe with a free hand  
Hath gi'n them wit enough to vnderstand  
What's good, and hath dispos'd them vertuously,  
Gi'n them a blushing cheeke, a modest eye;

When

## *The tragickall death of VIRGINIA.*

When nature thus hath ble't them with her store,  
(What can a fathers care or loue doe more?)  
Yet then their cocker'd chicke, their tidling sonne,  
Before he be a man must be yndone.  
Prodigious lust becomes a prodigall,  
And for to get his purpose, spendeth all.  
Nay such his confidence is in his coine,  
That he the parents hearts hopes to purloine:  
Hereby he hopes they will be both so awde,  
That he will be the pandor, she the bawde.  
Neuer wastyrant yet, that ere would geld,  
That boy in whom he beauties want beheld.  
Nero ne're lou'd that boy whose feet were clab'd,  
Whose panch was bott, whose scabby fifts were  
Alas! faire boy! thou in thy beauties pride (scrubd)  
Do'st little wot what dangers thee abide!  
This youth becomes a knowne adulterer,  
And all those threats and punishments doth feare  
Which angry husbands full of ielousie  
Inflict on those which doe them iniurie.  
VViser then *Mars* this youth was neuer yee  
That he should neuer fall into the net.  
Wherefore then *Mars* he must not happier be,  
And *Mars* was taken at his Venery;  
And then this rage, this ielousie will haue  
More right then law to wrong yet ever gaue:  
It murders somtimes, and doth somtimes teare  
The flesh with whips and rowels without feare.

O

*The Tragickall death of VIRGINIA.*

O but your feat *Endymion* ne're the lesse  
Shall be a stallion to some matroneffe,  
And if *Servilia* with crownes him wooe,  
(Although he loue her not, he'le be hers too,  
For which, foule she (rather then he shall lacke)  
Will strip and sell her clothes from off her backe;  
VVhat i't which any woman can denie  
To this faire Sir, to haue his company.  
*Oppia Catulla* be it, true t'is still,  
She is a woman and she'le haue her will:  
The neediest woman here, and she that's worst,  
VVill in this case be free, in bountie first.  
But what? in beauty we no harme can finde,  
If there be chastitie lodg'd in the minde.  
T'is true; immodest beauty is a snare,  
VVhere fond affections soone surpris'd are.  
The fairest beauty void of chastity,  
Is soone conuerted into brothelrie.  
At first such beauties (hauing gotten fame)  
Are spectacles of loue, at last of shame:  
And modest beauties scant haue better ends,  
VVet not that chastity their fame defends.  
But otherwise alas! their fortunes still  
Vnhappie are, attended with some ill.  
Faire was *Hippolytus*, and full of grace,  
Courteous and temperate, and chaste he was:  
Thus did he liue, and thus he vow'd to die,  
He would not lose his maiden chastity.



## *The Tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

But did this profit him? did there hence grow  
Ought that was good? no; but his ouerthrow.  
*Phedra* his fathers wife, and his step-mother,  
Did fall in loue with him aboue all other;  
And woo'd him oft, and oft his patience tride,  
He oft refus'd, and oft her sute denide.  
VVhereat she blush't to see her selfe disdained,  
But her affection cunningly she fained,  
She now doth wish that she had neuer spoke,  
Or that she could againe her words reuoke;  
Her loue she now turnes into mortall hate,  
And all her thoughts reuenge doe meditate.  
Poyson she thinks on, or some murdering knife,  
Can she not haue his loue, she'll haue his life?  
Which to effect, her busie mind anon,  
This subtile stratagem hath thought vpon;  
She tels her husband how *Hippolytus*  
His sonne, would haue abus'd her thus, and thus.  
*Theseus* on this, could not himselfe containe,  
Harmelesse *Hippolytus* must needs be slaine.  
The father followes, and the sonne doth fly,  
And yet *Hippolytus* scant knoweth why.  
Yet on his horses runne, vntill at last  
Vpon a rocke his Chariot wheelles they brast,  
VVhereas himselfe was drag'd and torne asunder:  
He was too faire, too chaste; it was no wonder.  
*Bellerophon* was likewise in this case,  
For he was faire and had a louely face,

King

*The tragick death of VIRGINIA.*

King *Praxus* wife, that *Scheuchez* hight,  
Growes fond, and in his beauty takes delight:  
By circumstances she at first doth proue him,  
At last she plainly saith that she doth loue him,  
*Bellerophon* would faine him selfe excuse,  
His friend King *Praxus* he may not abuse.  
He modestly denies her foule request,  
But she conceives fell vengeance in her breast:  
She tels her husband how *Bellerophon*  
Would haue dishonour'd her; He thereupon  
VVith letters sends *Bellerophon* away,  
Letters which did *Bellerophon* betray.  
Thus these; Both women, when they could not haue  
VVhat they did loue, with hate began to raue.  
A woman most of all is mercilesse,  
VVhen to her hate shame addes malicioufnesse.  
*Silius* is faire in *Messalina's* eye,  
So that She doates on *Silius* out of cry:  
Now *Messalina* is *Claud's* Emperesse,  
And will not this her loue her *Silius* blesse?  
Speake thy opinion which wouldst thou chuse,  
Or take her loue, or else her loue refuse.  
*Silius* is perelesse faire, most vertuous,  
And well descended of a noble house:  
Yet wretched he is ta'ne, and made to die,  
In *Messalina's* presence, in her eye,  
VVhile she doth sit drest in her Reticall;  
And like a Virgin bride bids him all hie:

*The Tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

Her colly purple coloured marriage bed,  
VVithin her Garden on the ground is spread,  
In dowry as the ancient manner is,  
There shall be gi'n a thousand felletries,  
He which is marriage ioynes their wedded hands  
Stands by: with those which seale & firme the bands.  
VVhich thou didst secret think, knowne but to few  
As if she were ashamed her selfe to shew:  
No, she ile not married be but lawfully,  
And why then should it not be publikely?  
Now tell me which thou likest? what wilt thou do?  
If thou yeeld not, when thus she doth thee wooe,  
Looke to thy selfe [she by some wicked flight  
VVill doe thee mischief sure ere it be night:  
But if thou dost without delay the thing,  
Knowne to the world, in *Clandins* eares will ring.  
VVhen this disgracethrough each mans mouth hath  
Alas good man! *Clandins* shall know it last. (past,  
Meane while, doo thou thy *Messaline* obey,  
And rest and reuell with her night and day:  
For as yet one, now thou hast done the wrong,  
*Clandins* will see, must heare of it ere long,  
And then, wilt thou farre fairer then thou art,  
Of his displeasure thou must feele the smart.  
Thy milke white necke must stoope vnto the block,  
And yeeld it selfe vnto the satall stroke.  
Thus may we see those things which me think good  
Are nothing so, if rightly vnderstood.



*The Tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

VWhat then? shall therefore men for nothing craue?  
Soft! if thou seeke and wouldst my counsell haue;  
Doethus: seeke to those heauenly powers above,  
Leave all to them, for sure they doe vs loue,  
Let God see first, what doth agree with vs,  
VWhat shall be fit, and most commodious.  
God doth not giue according to our wit  
For pleasant things, he giues vs what most fir.  
Deerer is man to him, then man can be  
Vnto himselfe; yet blind and wretched we,  
Carried away by force of our owne mind,  
(Mighty is lust, sense brutish, reason blind),  
A wooing do we goe, but in such sort,  
As if we went vnto our brothel sport,  
Red not with lust, ranker then any Goat,  
Or any ship that still in salt doth float.  
VWith glaring eies we stare vpō our loues, (moues.  
And looke them through and through while lust  
VWhy should we not? we hope it is no sinne  
But loue; yea, yea, lets aske our hearts within:  
At night our thought, our nose doth hunt by day,  
VVe talke and talke, and yet we nothing say.  
A mischief on this lust! but most of all  
On lust, which honestie it selfe doth call.  
This thought doth gull vs so, we thinke all's well,  
Find fault who will, all's one, here will we dwell.  
This vgly thought makes blushes impudent,  
And honest houres in lustfulnesse be spent.

*The Tragical death of VIRGINIA.*

It makes ranke garlikes stinking hoarie head  
Grow Greene againe, and live though almost dead,  
O that I did that mould and garden keepe!  
VVhere this foule garlike lusts to lodge and sleepe?  
How would I teare it vp? How would I rend  
It's blade, ere it my garden should offend.  
It should not with his breath my nose disease,  
It should not with its sight mine eies displease,  
I should soone bring its sprouting blade full low,  
And send it to some other place to grow:  
Away ranke stinke, away! get thee to those  
Like to thy selfe, but grow not neere the Rose!  
A mischief! On't! can any thinke it fit,  
That Garlike in a Roses lap should sit?  
Garlike must needes o'recome and kill the Rose,  
Prickles cannot defend it from such foes.  
If wedded true loue twixt these euer be,  
Let sweete and sowre, old age and youth agree,  
But all in vaine, this clouen Garlike head  
Maddened with lust, cannot be answered.  
There let it grow then, if it needes must be,  
Yet pretie Rose still shall I pity thee,  
For thou must needes be quickly withered,  
And woe is me! anon thou wilt be dead,  
Then all too late thou wilt repent the houre,  
Thou hadst not ioyn'd thee to some sweeter flower,  
Then shalt thou see for all thy subtile wit,  
That all that is desired is not fit.

*The Tragical death of VIRGINIA*

Women doe husbands, men doe wiues desire,  
And such and such they earnestly require,  
And when they haue them, straight without delay,  
For sonnes and daughters they begin to pray.  
God onely knowes, meane time what we create,  
What wife and children every man shall haue,  
VVedding and hanging go by destinie,  
And what a man must haue, he cannot chie.  
But that thou maist aske something, and obtaine it,  
Vnto the Temple get thee, ne' so refraine it,  
Looke on the entrailes of some beaſt and vow,  
And search the puddings of some ſlaughterd fow.  
Pray that within thy body ſound and whole,  
There may be lodged a ſound and whoſome ſoule,  
Pray for a mind that's braue and valiant,  
VWhom feare of death as yet could neuer daunt,  
VWho mongſt rich natures greateſt benefites,  
Accounts that time when life and world he quites,  
Knowing that while he liues he ſtill doth die,  
But when he dies he liues immortally.  
VWho in meane time, come whatſoeuer will,  
Or toile or labour, he endures in ſtill,  
He knowes not how to chaſe, he couets nought,  
His mind to baſeneſſe neuer can be brought.  
The toiles and trauels of great *Hercules*,  
He doth preferre before dull ſtupid eaſe,  
Or wantonnes, or feaſting, or diſcourſe,  
*Sardanapalus* is a beaſt and worſe.



*The Tragick death of VIRGINIA.*

But let me shew what thou thy selfe mai'st giue,  
One way there is no more, in peace to liue,  
VVherein thou mai'st liue most contentedly,  
And that is, if thou shalt liue vertuously :  
*Fortune* auant, were men but onely wise,  
Thou had'st not power on them to tyrannize,  
And yet a Goddesse of thee we must make,  
And giue thee leaue in heauen a place to take.  
Thou art a Goddesse and in heauen we place thee :  
But were men wise, they out of heauē would chace  
(thee.

*Laus Deo. Matrita Sept. 5.  
1612. stilo vet.*

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*—pictoribus atque poetis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aqua potestas.  
—Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*

W. B.

FINIS.